

**Troilus and  
Criseyde.  
Liber II.**

for he wole have the more hir grief at herte,  
By cause, lo, that she a lady is;  
And, by your leve, I wol but right in sterne,  
And do yow wite, and that anon, ywis,  
If that he slepe, or wole ought here of this.  
And in he lepte, and seyde him in his ere:  
God have thy soule, ybrought have I thy bere!

To smylen of this gan tho Troilus,  
And Pandarus, withoute rekeninge,  
Out wente anon to Eleyne and Deiphebus,  
And seyde hem: So there be no taryinge,  
Ne more pres, he wol wel that ye bringe  
Criseyda, my lady, that is here;  
And as he may endure, he wole here.

But wel ye woot, the chaumbre is but lyte,  
And fewe folk may lightly make it warm;  
Now loketh ye, for I wol have no wyte,  
To bringe in prees that mighte doon him harm  
Or him disesen, for my bettre arm.  
Wher it be bet she byde til eftsones;  
Now loketh ye, that knowen what to doon is.

I sey for me, best is, as I can knowe,  
That no wight in ne wente but ye tweye,  
But it were I, for I can, in a throwe,  
Reherce hir cas, unlyk that she can seye;  
And after this, she may him ones preye  
To ben good lord, in short, and take hir leve;  
This may not muchel of his ese him reve.

And eek, for she is straunge, he wol forbere  
His ese, which that him thar nought for yow;  
Eek other thing, that toucheth not to here,  
He wol me telle, I woot it wel right now,  
That secret is, and for the tounes prow.  
And they, that nothing knewe of this entente,  
Withoute more, to Troilus in they wente.

Eleyne in al hir goodly softe wyse,  
Gan him salwe, and womanly to pleye,  
And seyde: Ywis, ye moste alweyes aryse!  
Now fayre brother, beth al hool, I preye!  
And gan hir arm right over his sholder leye,  
And him with al hir wit to recomforte;  
As she best coude, she gan him to disporte.

So after this quod she: We yow biseke,  
My dere brother, Deiphebus, and I,  
for love of God, and so doth Pandare eke,  
To been good lord and freend, right hertely,  
Unto Criseyde, which that certeinly  
Receyveth wrong, as woot wel here Pandare,  
That can hir cas wel bet than I declare.

This Pandarus gan newe his tunge affyle,  
And al hir cas reherce, and that anon;  
Whan it was seyde, sone after, in a while,  
Quod Troilus: As sone as I may goon,  
I wol right fayn with al my might ben oon,  
Have God my trouthe, hir cause to sustene.  
Good thrift have ye, quod Eleyne the quene.

Quod Pandarus: And if your wille be,  
That she may take hir leve, er that she go;  
Or elles God forbede, tho quod he,  
If that she vouche sauf for to do so.  
And with that word quod Troilus: Ye two,  
Deiphebus, and my suster leef and dere,  
To yow have I to speke of o matere,

To been avysed by your reed the bettre:  
And fond, as hap was, at his beddes heed,  
The copie of a tretis and a lettre,  
That Ector hadde him sent to axen reed,  
If swich a man was worthy to ben deed,  
Woot I nought who; but in a grisly wyse  
He preyede hem anon on it avyse.

Deiphebus gan this lettre to unfold  
In earnest greet; so dide Eleyne the quene;  
And rominge outward, fast it gan biholde,  
Downward a steyre, into an herber grene.  
This ilke thing they reddeden hem bitwene;  
And largely, the mountaunce of an houre,  
They gonnen on it to reden and to poure.

Now lat hem rede, and turne we anon  
To Pandarus, that gan ful faste pryde  
That al was wel, and out he gan to goon  
Into the grete chambre, and that in hye,  
And seyde: God save al this companye!  
Com, nece myn; my lady quene Eleyne  
Hbydeth yow, and eek my lordes tweyne.

Rys, take with yow your nece Antigone,  
Or whom yow list, or no fors, hardily;  
The lasse prees, the bet; com forth with me,  
And loke that ye thonke humbly  
Hem alle three, and, whan ye may goodly  
Your tyme ysee, taketh of hem your leve,  
Lest we to longe his restes him bireve.

Al innocent of Pandarus entente,  
Quod tho Criseyde: Go we, uncle dere;  
And arm in arm inward with him she wente,  
Avysed wel hir wordes and hir chere;  
And Pandarus, in earnestful manere,  
Seyde: Alle folk, for Goddes love, I preye,  
Stinteth right here, and softely yow pleye.

Aviseth yow what folk ben here withinne,  
And in what plyt oon is, God him amende!  
And inward thus ful softely biginne;  
Nece, I conjure and heighly yow defende,  
On his half, which that sowle us alle sende,  
And in the vertue of corounes tweyne,  
Slee nought this man, that hath for yow this peyne!

fy on the devel! think which oon he is,  
And in what plyt he lyth; com of anon;  
Chenke al swich taried tyd, but lost it nis!  
That wol ye bothe seyn, whan ye ben oon.  
Secoundelich, ther yet devyneth noon  
Upon yow two; com of now, if ye conne;  
Whyl folk is blent, lo, al the tyme is womne!

In titering, and pursuite, and delays,  
The folk devyne at wagginge of a stree;  
And though ye wolde han after merye dayes,  
Than dar ye nought, and why? for she, and she  
Spak swich a word; thus lokede he, and he;  
Lest tyme I loste, I dar not with yow dele;  
Com of therfore, and bringeth him to hele.

But now to yow, ye lovers that ben here,

Was Troilus nought in a carkedort,  
That lay, and mighte whisprunge of hem  
here,  
And thoughte: O Lord, right now renneth  
my sort  
fully to dye, or han anon comfort,  
And was the firste tyme he shulde hir preye  
Of love; O mighty God, what shal he seye?

Explicit Secundus Liber.

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